

all for you by LUMAXCORE

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Domestic Violence, Drug Use, Eventual Romance, F/M, Fluff and Angst, Heavy Angst, Implied/Referenced Suicide, Minor Character Death, Slow Burn, Time Skips, Triggers

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Neil Hargrove, Susan Hargrove

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Maxine "Max" Mayfield & Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/ Lucas Sinclair, Minor or Background Relationship(s), Neil Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Susan Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-01

Updated: 2021-03-01

Packaged: 2022-04-01 18:07:24

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 554

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

max's life was filled with constant abuse from her stepfather which caused her to fall into a deep dark hole and only lucas sinclair could save her.

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Author's Note:

this book will have mentions of domestic violence, alcohol and drug use - but i'll put a warning on chapters that mention it.

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will try to update regularly! chapter 2 is almost done and 3 is on it's way.

This all started when Lucas was awoken from the harsh tapping at his bedroom window. He instantly shot up at the noise and rubbed his eyes trying to find his lamp switch. He was surprisingly to see one of his best friends Max, outside his window drenched in the rain.

“What are you doing?” He whispered quickly letting her in and carefully sliding his window shut before more rain came in. But it didn’t matter anyway since she was soaking on his carpets.

“I’m sorry. C-Can I sleep here tonight?” She said pushing her hair wet hair out of her face.

“Uh- Yeah, Yeah sure. Is everything okay?” He asked.“N-No.” She stuttered with her teeth chattering. “Hold on.” Lucas said.

He went to his closet and pulled out a fuzzy towel. “Thank you.” Max replied. She was shaking all over. “Niel’s gone crazy again. He drank too much and got angry at my Mom for no reason. I couldn’t sleep

there, Sometimes he'd just come into my room all of a sudden while I'm asleep." She said. "I just don't feel safe there right now and I really need some rest."

Lucas had heard briefly of Max's household before. But after Billy's death it somehow became worse. "It's totally fine for you to crash here tonight." He said.

"I'm sure my Mom will—."

"No!" She said. "You can't tell your parents."

"Why not? They can help."

"If you tell them they'll either call my mom or the police which will really piss off Neil and make everything worse. Please. Don't." She said.

"I'm asking you as your friend and someone who's life could be in danger." Max added. She was now holding onto his arm.

He could see the pain in her eyes, All the suffering she's been through.

"Max you're life is already in danger if you keep Neil around." He

says. Max just sighs. “I know.” She says quietly. “I’m gonna try and figure it out.”

Lucas nods. “I won’t tell them. I promise.” He says.

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He lets her put on dry clothes in his bathroom while he gets out an air mattress he surprisingly has tucked away in his closet with a pump. Probably from when Dustin or Mike slept over.

After he quietly inflates it he throws on two spare blankets and a pillow. This mattress wasn’t as big as the other ones they had so he could easily slide it under his bed if his parents came in all of a sudden.

The bathroom light flicked off and Max came out. She was in one of his old t-shirts and had her hair in a loose ponytail. “Thanks for letting me borrow these”. She said coming around to the mattress.

“And don’t worry I don’t need a spare toothbrush. I figured i’d have to leave sometime so I packed a bag with some things.” She said.

“No worries.” Lucas said. “Are you comfortable?”

“Yes I’m fine.” She said laying back and pulling up the comforter towards her. “Goodnight Lucas.”

“Goodnight Max.” He said before flicking off his lamp.

Max closed her eyes but suddenly opened them again. It was quiet. She could hear her own breathing. There were no muffled screams downstairs, No sounds of objects shattering. Just pure silence which Max hadn’t got in a long time.

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